
Title: Bawdy Poetry - Volume, the First.

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Nujel'm

I once knew a woman,
a fine lass she was.
She came from
Nujel'm,
I know this because,

Tis where I awoke,
a pain in my head,
a large man before me,
cursing me for dead!

Twas quite a shock,
I knew not why?
I looked to my left;
twas there that she
lie.
Her fine red dress,
that she wore the
night before,
was lying in a heap,
across the room, on
the floor!

With this little clue,
I figured what
transpired,
I had to get out,
before I expired!

I lept to the window,
my hat in my hand.
Out I jumped,
hoping to land.

I did that quite well.
quite well indeed.
'twas then that I
noticed,
the thorny cactus
weed!
'twould not have hurt
much,
this truth I do tell.
'cept that my pants,
were on the floor as
well!

Trinsic
I were wanderin'
 round,
fair Trinsic Towne.
Bored to tears,
I wore a deep frown.

Me idle mind,
and me empty hands,
were waitn' for
 somethin'
To pass the sands.

I'd spent most me coins
on this and that,
I'd just 'nough left,
for a cold mug of
 Stout,

A beautiful sight,
arose afore me eyes.
tucked to the left,
a cozy tavern lies.

I sauntered on in,
looked all around,
pulled up a chair,
and sat right down.

I ordered a mug,
from a comely wench,
she brought me my ale
and sat on me bench.

We started to chat,
she were dull as a
 rock,
though her figure
 were flawless,
an of that I took stock
She were quite taken,
with me charm and
 wit,
and right next to me,
she did venture to sit.

I sat and I sipped,
my arm round her
 waist.
Twas on her mind,
to lure me with haste!

She coaxed me with
 skill,
and practiced debate.
She said "Follow me,
I'll not make thee
 wait"!

I finished me ale,
with a smile on me
lips,
I followed her aloft,
my hands on her
hips.

We entered her room,
through an old
wooden door,
twas quite soon
thereafter
that our clothers hit
the floor!

After a spell,
our passion was spent.
I did beg my leave,
and she did consent.

Before I could leave,
She asked with a
smile,
for 30 gold coins,
a nice shiny pile.

I was taken aback,
the thought made me
sick.
I'd not have thought,
I was only a trick!

I said to the lass,
"Couldn't it be-
that the pleasure alone
was enough for thee"?

I stood there
transfixed,
like a vessel at dock.
Awaiting her answer,
when it came twas a
shock.

"Your skill was
immense,
but to be rid of this
pox,
I need 30 coin,
for a spell named An
Nox"!